

DUNN FEARED IT WOULD BE A BLIZZARD.

Yesterday's Storm Was on the
Date of the Beginning of
That of 1888.

Unpleasant Prospect for Dwellers in
New York and Warnings Sent
to Mariners.

WIND THAT BLEW IN ALL DIRECTIONS.

The St. Louis and Two Coastwise Steamers
Hesitated About Going to Sea and
Anchored for a Time, but
Finally Sailed.

DICTATED BY LOCAL FORECASTER E. B.
DUNN.

In all respects the present storm is more severe than the blizzard which began March 11, 1888, and promises to be the most severe of the season. It began in the Gulf of Mexico yesterday in a very diminutive form, but last night became formidable and showed great power. It was then central over the Mississippi Valley and South Carolina, increasing rapidly, and is very likely to attain hurricane force by the time this reaches your readers. This morning the wind registered eighteen miles an hour, while now it reaches forty-two miles and is increasing hourly. The storm covers an area of from 1,000 to 1,200 miles in extent, and immediately back of us is a severe cold wave. Over all of the Southern States south of Virginia it rained heavily this morning. At Galveston it reached a depth of 2.62 inches, at New Orleans 2.20 inches, and at Montgomery 1.82 inches.

For the second time in the history of the local office of the United States Weather Bureau the hurricane signal was displayed yesterday afternoon from the high mast on the dome of the Manhattan Life building. Mr. Dunn reached his desk early in the day, and soon ordered warnings sent out notifying the various steamship and railway lines of the approach of what promised to be the greatest storm of the season. It was coming up the danger line, which means a storm travelling along the coast with strong winds blowing on shore, and travelling at a speed that would beat the fastest railway train.

Adding to the interest and anxiety attached to the storm was the fact that its approach was on the anniversary of the day preceding the great blizzard of March, 1888, when New York practically took a rest from business and thousands of families were made prisoners in their homes.

Mr. Dunn's face wore an anxious look as the reports came in fast and thick.

"This means a big snow blockade to-morrow," he said, "and probably tales of shipwrecks and disaster. The wind is blowing on shore all along the coast, and the blow extends probably several hundred miles out to sea, with an increasing velocity that no boat can resist, especially with ice-coated tackle. I have notified all steamship lines of the approach of the storm of the year, and advised them to tie up until Sunday at least. Any captain who goes to sea now takes his life in his hands."

WHAT THE STORM RESEMBLES.
Mr. Dunn explained that the wind, in a storm of this character, acted exactly as the water in a wash basin when the stopper has been withdrawn to allow it to escape. The water circles around and around, leaving a vacuum in the centre.

It is a low-pressure storm where the winds blow from all quarters toward the centre to fill an atmospheric vacuum. The barometer at the centre of the storm measures 29.30, seven-tenths of an inch below normal. The greater the depth of the storm the faster the winds will blow from all sides to fill the centre. The cold wave behind the storm, Mr. Dunn says, is coming with an area of high pressure, and promises to be very bitter and intense.

At 8 o'clock yesterday morning the wind was blowing with a velocity of eighteen miles an hour. Within six hours it registered forty-two miles an hour and was still increasing. Throughout the northwestern part of the country the weather is very cold, and if Mr. Dunn's predictions come true there will be a drop of from fifteen to twenty degrees in the temperature in this city to-day.

People in the streets yesterday found no difficulty in accepting Mr. Dunn's statement that the wind was blowing from all directions, for it was impossible to hold umbrellas at any satisfactory angle and runaway hats were common.

COLONEL WARING MAKES READY.
In anticipation of a heavy snow blockade Colonel Waring has formulated a plan of campaign which will be in charge of Captain John C. Soley, Inspector for the removal of snow and ice. They expect to have 5,000 men and 3,000 carts at work within a few hours after daylight if circumstances require it. The entire force will be distributed into half a dozen squads in all parts of the city, and will work toward each other until they meet. Broadway will be the first thoroughfare cleared. Above Fourteenth street the snow will be shoveled into the side streets until the main artery is clear.

The effect of the storm in the harbor was a picturesque and terrible. The sea was very high, and hurricane signals were displayed on the Marine Observatory at Sandy Hook early in the day. The warning they conveyed was heeded by a number of smaller vessels that were scheduled to sail. The St. Louis hesitated for a short time about proceeding to sea and anchored in Gravesend Bay for about three hours. She passed out at Sandy Hook at 4 o'clock.

STEAMSHIPS HESITATE TO START.
The steamships Albatross, for Kingston, J. and Yucatan, for Havana, also anchored in Gravesend Bay for a time, but finally proceeded.

The tug Harold, of the Thames Towing Line, was driven ashore in the mud at Communipaw during the afternoon, but sustained no damage. Two light coal barges that were anchored in the bay dragged their anchors and were carried to a point where they obstructed the entrance to the ferry slip there. They were removed by the revenue cutter Manhattan.

Ferry traffic was slightly interrupted by the storm on both rivers, but no mishaps were reported.

Keeping an Eye on Yellow Fever.
Dr. Alvah H. Doty, Health Officer of the Port, intends soon to make a trip to Havana, where he will consult Dr. D. M. Burgess, the United States Marine Hospital Inspector at that place, in reference to the most feasible regulation necessary to protect this port next season from yellow fever.



SCENES ON THE STREET YESTERDAY WHICH MADE NEW YORKERS THINK ANOTHER BIG BLIZZARD WAS AT HAND.

IN THE CLUTCHES OF A DEVIL-FISH.

For Three Hours Col. Holloway
Fought for His Life Against
the Monster.

Hatchet, Hunting Knife and Gun
Had to Be Called Into Play in
the Fierce Struggle.

A THRILLING EXPERIENCE IN FLORIDA

Towed Far Out Into the Gulf, the Disciple
of Izaak Walton Was in Despair When
His Shot at Last Told, and
He Was Free.

Fort Myers, Fla., March 11.—Towed out into the Gulf by a monster devil-fish, Colonel R. T. Holloway, of Lexington, Ky., only saved himself after a most desperate struggle.

Colonel Holloway, who is spending the winter at Naples, some distance south of here, is an ardent disciple of Izaak Walton, and spends much of his time on the water. He was on the bay in a small boat yesterday afternoon. He had met with indifferent success and was preparing to row back to shore, when the boat began to move seaward very rapidly.

In alarm he looked for the cause and found that a devil-fish had seized the boat. The tentacle by which the fish was drawing the boat was plainly visible. Fortunately Colonel Holloway had a small hatchet, and with it he severed the tentacle. The fish, however, immediately grasped the boat with another arm, and still kept the craft whirling seaward. Tentacle after tentacle was severed by Colonel Holloway, but still the fish thrust forward another, and still the mad journey into the Gulf continued. Colonel Holloway was momentarily expecting the boat to be capsize.

HIS HAND IN ITS GRASP.
Once after severing a tentacle the fish put forward another so quickly that Colonel Holloway's right hand, which was at the edge of the boat, was seized. The grasp of the tentacle was so strong that the bones of the hand were nearly broken, and he dropped the hatchet into the water, and with his left hand the Colonel drew his hunting knife and, after repeated slashings, cut the tentacle and released his right hand.

For three hours the contest had been kept up, and at least sixty tentacles had been cut, but the fish was still drawing the boat seaward, and the land was only a streak in the distance. With his hatchet gone and his right hand nearly disabled, Colonel Holloway was almost in despair. The fish was at the bow of the boat, and, hoping it might be only a few feet under the water, Colonel Holloway, as a last resort, seized his repeating rifle and began firing where he thought the monster was.

KILLED BY ONE HUNDRED BULLETS.
Fully twenty bullets were fired, seemingly without effect. Colonel Holloway, however, continued to shoot, and at last there was a perceptible diminution in the speed of the boat. For nearly an hour the Colonel continued to shoot, and then to his great joy the boat came to rest on a bank and the body of the fish rose to the surface, having yielded up life to nearly a hundred Winchester bullets.

Exhausted by his struggle, and miles from shore, Colonel Holloway's condition would still have been desperate had not a coast-guard schooner come in sight. The Colonel was taken on board and the boat in tow, and about midnight the Kenosackian was landed at Naples. This morning when Colonel Holloway's boat was examined, the devil-fish was found clinging to it, the dead monster having been towed by its own tentacle.

The fish was weighed and tipped the scales at 2,300 pounds. It is the largest specimen ever taken in Florida waters. So powerful was the grip of its tentacles that wherever they touched the boat the wood was dented.

DIED WHILE STANDING ERECT.

A Woman in Mt. Vernon Expires in an Unusual Attitude

Mrs. Washington Johnson, of South Sixth street, Mt. Vernon, died suddenly yesterday. She and her husband arose about daylight. Mr. Johnson, who is a truckman, went to the barn to feed his horses. He left Mrs. Johnson preparing the breakfast. When he returned he found his wife standing with one hand clasping the closet door. Her head had fallen forward. He spoke to her, but received no reply. Frightened he approached her and saw that her eyes, though open, were glassy. She was dead. Death had resulted from heart disease. Coroner Banning will hold an inquest.

TARIFF AMENDMENTS FAVORED

House Ways and Means Committee Orders a Favorable Report.

Washington, March 11.—The House Committee on Ways and Means to-day ordered Mr. Payne, of New York, to report favorably to the House a bill prepared by the committee amending the administrative features of the present tariff law.

An important amendment is one suggested by Assistant Secretary Hamlin, which requires exporters to satisfy consular officials.

POLICE BICYCLIST OUTSTRIPS HORSES.

Exciting Race on the Boulevard
in Which Patrolman Gillis
Breaks Records.

Jeered At by Two Grocers Who Are
Driving at Breakneck Speed
He Pursues Them.

HE CLEVERLY CAPTURES BOTH MEN.

The Patrolman Narrowly Escapes Being
Run Down by One of the Fly-
ing Horses—Disorderly
Drivers Fined.

Policeman John J. Gillis has a splendid pair of legs. They are covered with muscle, and as strong as young oaks. Gillis is twenty-six years old, and his muscular

man on Tuesday last. Gillis's promotion may not be far away.

Gillis made the first official test of his speed as a bicyclist Tuesday evening, and acquitted himself with credit. Gillis saw August Smith and James Robinson, each in a wagon, driving madly down the Boulevard, and realized that if the pace continued a serious accident must be the result. It was about 5:45 o'clock, and the Boulevard was full of cyclists, including many women. The young policeman was at Seventy-fifth street. He had dismounted, and stood with his left foot on the pedal of his machine. He was talking with Policeman John Hawthorn.

THE CHASE BEGINS.
Just then both policemen heard the rapid clatter of hoofs, and turned to see the two wagons coming toward them at breakneck speed. They belonged to Robert Hill, a grocer, of No. 358 West Fifty-second street. The wagon in charge of Robinson was on the far east side close to the centre strip of the Boulevard. Smith's wagon was only a few feet behind.

Both Gillis and Hawthorn cried to the drivers to slacken up. Smith and Robinson were swaying unsteadily in their seats. They cried: If you want us come and get us."

In a second they had rattled by. The shouts of the policemen given warning to several wheelmen and drivers down the street and they made haste to give the reckless grocermen a free way. Policeman Gillis sprang to his wheel. By the time he had got his pace the wagons were a block away.

He bent over his handle bars and put all of his energy into his muscular legs. To watch the men at the speed they were going he knew that he must make an effort. The horses were big, strong animals and they were fresh and speedy. But he caught them, caught them both, in a chase that must establish a splendid precedent in police wheeling.

Policeman Gillis said yesterday: "When I got solidly down to work at my pedals I felt that I had a hard job on my hands, but I didn't have much time to think over it. I had no idea how I was going to stop them, but was willing to take chances."

"They kept on in the same order, Robinson near the centre strip, and Smith a little way behind him, and off to the west. OVERHAULING THE DRIVERS.

"When near Seventy-third street, I was well upon them when Smith's wagon, whether by intention I do not know, swerved toward the west. It was a close shave. I swung out from the wagon, just in time, running in quite close to the curb. "I shot ahead of Smith's wagon. Robinson seemed to be slowly drawing away, and when I saw I was clear of Smith's horse I turned in toward Robinson. When he reached Seventy-second street I was about equal with him. Opposite the Colonial Club I put forth a last effort and shot up alongside of his horse. I grasped the rein with my left hand and endeavored to steady myself on the wheel with the right. I had no sooner done so when Robinson brought his whip down heavily on the haunches and the beast jumped forward. I shot off my wheel, but kept a firm grip on the rein. I seized it with the other hand and was thus dragged about fifteen feet.

"Smith was coming on, his speed unchecked. There was a cab standing in front of the club house, and to avoid a collision he was compelled to turn in toward us. Seeing that he was in danger of smashing Robinson's wagon, he stopped. He was within an arm's length of me and I also caught hold of his horse."

Both men were locked up and were fined \$5 each in the Yorkville Court yesterday.

It was probably just these qualities that recommended him as one of the bicycle squad attached to the West Sixty-eighth Street Station. He was appointed to the force October 29, 1892, and has an excellent record. There were three men assigned to wheel service besides himself—John Lake, Harry Nidger-Smith and John Schuster—all of them excellent patrolmen. Lake was promoted to the grade of rounds.

JOHN S. HOEY, THE FAMOUS SHOT, DEAD.

Passed Away at His Home in Long
Branch from Pneumonia.

For Years He Was the Crack Amateur
Pigeon Shot in This
Country.

RIGHT NAME WAS JOHN S. RUSSELL.

His Mother Was the Leading Lady in
Wallack's Stock Company—He
Leaves a Widow and
Two Children.

John Shaw Hoey, the well-known wing shot, favorite referee in all important pigeon shoots, and recently appointed assistant judge by the New York Jockey Club, died at his home in Long Branch from pneumonia. He had been confined to his bed for three weeks.

Mr. Hoey had been selected to referee the national pigeon shoot, to take place at Elkwood on March 24, and until two days ago his condition was such that his friends thought he would certainly be able to officiate. On Sunday he grew worse, and, despite all the efforts of the attending physicians, he continued to sink until death claimed him.

No arrangements have been made for the funeral because the family have not recovered from the shock his death produced. He leaves a widow and two children.

John Shaw Hoey's right name was J. S. Russell. His mother was Mrs. Russell, the famous leading lady of Wallack's Theatre. She married John Hoey, who was before his death president of the Adams Express Company.

Mr. Hoey was well known in sporting circles, and his death will cause general mourning, for his friends were legion among all classes.

A few years ago he was one of the crack amateur wing shots in this country, but failing health compelled him to retire as an active participant in shooting matches.

He retained his interest in that sport, however, and in fact few matches of importance have been decided in the last two years at which he did not officiate as referee.

His decisions were always received with respect, for in addition to his ability his fairness was admitted to be above question.

Last year Mr. Hoey was appointed patrol judge by the Jockey Club, and he officiated at Gravesend, Sheepshead Bay and Morris Park, filling the position satisfactorily in every way.

This season's list of appointments found him slated for the position of assistant judge, and he was to have occupied the stand during the Benning meeting. He was a member of a number of local clubs as well as shooting associations in all parts of the country.

Mr. Hoey was interested, with his brother Fred, in "Hollywood," the well-known pleasure resort at Long Branch. He was also interested in Elkwood Park, the race track built by a syndicate to run in opposition to Monmouth Park.

It was never used for the purpose it was intended for, but hunt and pony racing associations found it a desirable place. The Elkwood Gun Club, of which Mr. Hoey was one of the leading spirits, also made it their headquarters.

Father Callaghan's Successor.
Archbishop Corrigan yesterday appointed Rev. Michael J. Henry as rector of the Mission of Our Lady of the Rosary for the Protection of Immigrant Girls, at No. 7 State street, to succeed Father Callaghan, deceased. Father Henry has been rector of the Church of St. Lawrence, at Brewster's. He was ordained at St. Joseph's Seminary in Troy on December 21, 1873.



SOME SCENES SKETCHED DURING THE MEMORABLE BLIZZARD OF WHICH TO-DAY IS THE EIGHTH ANNIVERSARY.

Melting the heaps of snow.

Broken telegraph poles in West Eleventh street.

(From Frank Leslie's of March 24, 1888.)

FIRE AT HARRY THROUGH A WINDOW.

Thirteen-Year-Old Boy Was Used
as a Target by a Would-
Be Assassin.

The Brave Youngster with His Father's
Shotgun Started to Find
His Assailant.

HELD BACK BY HIS MOTHER'S PLEA.

Peaceful Kenoska Has Been Upset by the
Mysterious Affair and as Yet No Mo-
tive for the Attempted Murder
Has Been Discovered.

Harry Carpenter, who is only thirteen years old, and lives in Kenoska, N. Y., had an experience on Monday night that has greatly excited that peaceful little village.

Joseph H. Carpenter, his father, is chairman of the Republican County Committee of Westchester County. Monday evening after supper, accompanied by William Riley, he left for Armonk, four miles away, to arrange for the holding of a primary. He told his wife he would be back at about 10 o'clock, and Mrs. Carpenter decided to stay up with her children and wait for his return. The oldest of the children is Lillie, aged sixteen, and Harry comes next. Then there is a four-year-old girl and a babe of thirteen months.

At about 9 o'clock Mrs. Carpenter thought she heard some one at the windows, but after a while the noise ceased, and she thought no more about it. An hour later Lillie gave utterance to the same suspicion. So, accompanied by Lillie and Harry, Mrs. Carpenter examined every window in the house, but found nothing wrong. At 11 o'clock her husband had not yet returned, and Harry said he would wait for his father while the others retired.

Harry soon heard somebody raise the window in the parlor. He was in the sitting room, and seeing his father's shotgun he opened the door between the two rooms. Seeing nothing he started to return the gun to its place in the corner, and that movement probably saved his life. The next moment a charge of gunshot grazed his back and went through the dining room window, knocking out three panes of glass.

A CRACK SHOT AT THIRTEEN.
At first Harry thought a lamp chimney had fallen, and he stooped to the floor to pick up the pieces. Then he saw that the window was shattered, and that the frame work was rattled with shot.

Though only thirteen, Harry is an excellent shot, and his father, who is a prominent member of the White Plains Gun Club, has been his tutor. Two years ago Harry made three bull's-eyes in succession in a match at Professor Browning's home, near Kenoska, with twenty men as competitors, and carried off the first prize. So he seized his father's gun again and started for the yard. At that moment Mrs. Carpenter came running downstairs and asked what was the matter.

"Somebody blazed at me, mamma," was the cool reply, "and I'm going after him."

Mrs. Carpenter rushed for the door, locked it and put the key in her pocket. Then, unafraid of danger, she ran into the parlor and locked the door there.

"Come upstairs, Harry," she cried. "Quick!"

"No, I won't," mamma," was the steady response: "I'm no coward."

Yielding to her entreaties, however, he reluctantly went upstairs and called to Samuel, a neighbor, who lives a few doors across the street. Just then Mr. Carpenter came along, and he soon learned the news. In another minute he had his gun and was in the yard. Harry lighted a lantern and ran after him, but nobody could be found.

FOUND THE WINDOW OPEN.

The parlor window was open, and through it the gun shot that so nearly cost Harry his life had been fired. After a fruitless search, father and son returned to the house and made an examination of the damage done. Besides the shattered window sash only the leaves of some plants on the window sill had been perforated.

Mr. Carpenter sat up all that night with his trusty gun across his knee. Harry said he would stay up with him, but at midnight his little eyelids became too heavy, and he fell back on the lounge sound asleep.

The Carpenters, as well as their neighbors, are engaged in trying to find a motive for the shooting. Some time ago Harry had some trouble with a man, who threatened to get even. Harry will not tell the man's name, because, he says, he can attend to his own troubles.

On Monday Mr. Carpenter was supposed to have received \$300 for some property he had sold, and it is supposed that the shot may have been fired by some man who had hoped to steal the money. Mr. Carpenter, however, did not receive it.

Still another theory grows out of the shooting by Mr. Carpenter of a valuable dog that bit seven girls about three months ago. It is thought that, perhaps, the dog's unknown owner has taken his revenge.

FOR UNIFORM BICYCLE LAWS

A Bill Introduced at Albany Provides Regulations for Ordinances

Albany, March 11.—Senator Parsons Rochester, to-day introduced a bill, which was referred to the Committee on Roads and Bridges, providing that the cities, towns and villages of the State shall have power to pass ordinances regulating the use of bicycles and similar vehicles on their public highways and parks, with certain provisions.

Among the provisions are the following: That such vehicles shall have a lamp of such illuminating power as to be plainly seen 100 yards ahead, and an alarm bell, which, when rung, may be heard 100 feet away; to regulate the rate of speed at which it may be lawful to ride such machine; to permit the authorities to grant permits to any person or persons to ride such machines during a specified time, upon specified portions of the public highways, at any rate of speed, and to regulate or prohibit riding upon the sidewalks.

The fine for violation of any such ordinance is fixed at \$5.

Yale Gets Another Big Bequest.

New Haven, Conn., March 11.—It was announced this afternoon that by the provisions of the will of the late George Bliss, of New York City, Yale University will receive \$300,000. It is expected that the amount will be devoted to the general expenses of the university.

The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser, in plain English, or Medicine Simplified by R. V. Pierce, M. D., Chief Consulting Physician to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y., 1008 pages, illustrated, bound in cloth, \$1.00. Now sent, paper-bound, ABSOLUTELY FREE on receipt of 21 one-cent stamps to pay for postage only. Address the Author, as above.